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Mrs. Edmond's Letters from Europe.

London, July 24, 1844.

To the Editor of the Christian Reflector.

DEAR SIR,—Although I date from London,

I intend to fulfil my promise to write

you concerning Ireland. After Mr. E. had

concluded his business affairs in Liverpool,

we proceeded, June 19, across the channel

to Dublin. We landed in about twelve

hours, at Kingston, a small seaport town,

and from thence went on the railway to

Dublin. In half an hour we arrived in the

midst of an immense, bustling city, exhib-

iting a combination of want and wealth

rarely to be met with. We took lodgings

at the Imperial Hotel, opposite the Post

Office, and in the afternoon sallied forth

upon an exploring expedition. Mounting a

jaunting car, we rode up and down the

streets for an hour or two. But I must

give a description of the vehicle in which

we were conveyed. A jaunting car is a

light, open carriage, on two small, low

wheels. The seats are on each side, and

will accommodate about four persons;

passengers, consequently, set back to back,

two on each side of the car. The driver,

always an Irishman, has an elevated seat be-

tween. The motion of these cars is rapid,

and tolerably easy, and they afford a fine

opportunity for viewing the country; but

their appearance is somewhat ludicrous to

the eye of a stranger. The charges are

moderate, and you can ride wherever you

choose, and as long you choose. We

visited the Bank of Ireland, once the Irish

Parliament House. We were shown the

room in which the lords assembled; the

furniture was the same as originally,

though very ancient. A fine statue of

George the Third stood where the throne

was formerly placed. We went over other

parts of the building, which is truly a noble

one. Next we visited Trinity College, near

by. It covers fifteen acres, and is of very

fine architecture, and of great renown

as regards the *literati* within its walls.

The public buildings here are very beau-

tiful, and they should be, for Dublin is the

second city in magnitude belonging to the

three kingdoms; but not so in business;

little is accomplished here in comparison

with that transacted in many places smaller

and less attractive. The river Liffey, a fine

stream, abounding in fish, runs up through

the city, and is crossed by nine bridges.

At present, there is here a very great

amount of military force concentrated; no

less than 35,000 troops are barracked in

Dublin, and its vicinity. This is to awe

the people, and quell the disturbances

caused by O'Connell, who is now confined

in prison. We paid him a visit at the

Richmond Penitentiary. Our introduction

to him, as Americans, seemed to entitle us

to marks of peculiar favor; for he escorted

us over the prison gardens, at the same

time, conversing very familiarly. We re-

marked we had heard much respecting him

in America. 'Yes,' he replied, 'they talk

about me all over the world, and here I

am in prison.' While we were engaged in

conversation, some ladies came in, one of

whom ran to O'Connell and very affection-

ately embraced him. He then introduced

her, as his daughter, and addressing her as

his darling Kate, his life, his heart, in-

quired after the welfare of his various con-

nections, in terms equally tender, and with

the genuine Irish pathos. He invited us

to lunch with his family, which invitation

we accepted, and at the table we were in-

troduced to his sons, Daniel and John,

fine looking young men, the latter a fol-

lowing his father. O'Connell, the

elder, the great repeal advocate, whose

voice has been known to call together a

million of people, is of large stature, strong

muscular build, and dignified, commanding

air. He is a man of great wit and talent,

and almost unbounded influence. He pre-

tends to be sacrificing everything for the

good of Ireland, and his eloquence calls

forth large contributions for the repeal

cause. But many, especially the English,

say that he is an unprincipled, ambitious

man, who would like to establish an

Irish Parliament, place himself at its head,

and after a time cause Ireland to become

a kingdom independent of the English gov-

ernment; they also say he appropriates to

his own use some of the money he receives

professionally for the repeal cause. How far

this is true I know not, but we could not

reconcile the splendor in which he lives,

and the comparative luxury of his prison

apartments, with the poverty of the thou-

sands who contribute a penny and up-

wards a week to the great cause. It

seemed to us that a little more self-denial

on his part, would not certainly come at

all amiss. But he is the people's idol, and

great is his sorrow for his imprisonment.

'The people feels very bad about it, yer

honor,' said Pat, our carman, in answer to

an inquiry we made as to how the people

felt regarding O'Connell's confinement; and

the same feeling seems to prevail every-

where. The people here belonging to the

lower classes, are miserable beyond de-

scription. Here a carriage rich and gay,

with out-riders, rolls along; and close by

the wheels, runs a poor woman, half star-

ved and clad with rags, crying out, for God's

sake to give her a penny to keep her little

ones from starving; but no one heeds or

hears her; miserable and destitute objects

like herself, are too common to excite

charity, and despair hurries her on to

the commission of some crime to relieve

her wants. Such scenes are of almost

hourly occurrence in this beautiful but un-

fortunate country. Thank God, it is oth-

erwise in America!

